

A SPASM OF CHARITY

IT OPENED THE HEARTS AND PURSES
OF THE JERICHOIANS.

Pap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells How the Contribution for the Needy Widow Was Started and How It Was Abruptly Closed by a Report From Lish Billings.

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The Widder Jackson, relic of Tom Jackson, had been one of us in Jericho for 15 years. She managed somehow to take care of herself until a long, ill-tempered sickness came, and even then she suffered for care rather than let anybody know of her situation. It leaked out, however, and Jabez Thomas was one of the first to hear of it. He dropped into the postoffice one evening and told about it an' them said to the crowd:

"Feller Citizens—if Jericho has a pernickety strong p'int, it is charity. No man, woman or child ever yit called upon her in vain. It has bin our pride and our boast that we was a community with a heart to feel for the sorrows of others. Up there on the hill, as I



"GENTLEMEN," SAID THE DEACON.

he bin told within the last two hours, lies a poor old sufferin' woman, the widder of Tom Jackson. She needs food, fuel and medicine and has needed 'em for days, but now that we hev come to know it the heart of Jericho will give a mighty responsive throb and hasten to relieve her case."

There was a good deal of surprise over the statement, and everybody had said how sorry he was when Deacon Spooner rapped for order and said:

"Jericholans, when Jabez Thomas talks about the charity of this community he makes a strong p'int—a mighty strong p'int. We all knew Tom Jackson for an honest, hardworking man, and his widder shall not appeal to us in vain. I for one shall esteem it a privilege to contribute to her benefit. Let us hear from Enoch Williams."

Enos rose up and said that he used to go fishing with Tom Jackson and that had he known of his widder been hard up he would have divided his last turnip with her. She was a good woman and a woman respected by all, and too much could not be done for her. As soon as reachin' home he would send his wife over to see what could be done, and of course his wallet was wide open for contributions. Hezekiah Davison wanted to say a few words also. He began to talk about the discovery of America and the pilgrim fathers, but Deacon Spooner choked him off and got him down to the outbreak of the civil war. He'd hev hung on there if he hadn't bin jogged ag'in, and it was a quarter of an hour before he got around to say that he was awful sorry for the Widder Jackson and wanted to be one of the first to prove his big heartedness. Four or five others had their say, and then Henry Schemerhorn held up a paper and said:

"As I take it, we are all of us ready and willing to make up a little purse for the sufferin' widder?"

"We are!" called everybody at once. "Then there's nuthin' to prevent. Bein' as Jabez Thomas was first to make known the case, he should be the honor of bein' the first to put his name down on this paper."

Jabez hung back. He said he was only a humble citizen and didn't want to put himself forward over others. While his heart throbbed and bled and bobbed around, he'd give way to Deacon Spooner and come in second.

"Gentlemen," said the deacon as he looked around in a lonesome way. "I bin a resident of Jericho less than 20 years, and I don't want to assume the privilege of an old pioneer. It's an honor to head that paper, but I don't claim it when so many better and older citizens are before me. I don't want to hurt nobody's feelin' by boozin' one man over another, but it do seem to me, under all the circumstances, that Squar Joslyn is the man to write his name first of anybody in Jericho."

The squar was red in the face as he rose up, and he didn't look bit pleased as he said:

"While I may be the oldest resident of Jericho, nobody has ever heard me brag of it or thrust myself forward on that account. In signin' papers of this sort I never bin satisfied to come in sixth or seventh, and it shall be so in this case. My heart is open, and my wallet is open, but I'd suggest that Moses Perkins head the list. I understand that he and the lamented Thomas Jackson used to ship butter and eggs on shares, and it seems appropriate that he should be this great hon'or."

Moses got up and began to talk of George Washington and Bunker Hill, but Deacon Spooner rapped him down and held him to the case in hand. Then he tried to say somethin' about the glorious Fourth; but, being choked off ag'in, he took the paper and put his wooden leg down for 15 cents. He explained, however, that that was only a start and that his sympathetic heart could

be depended upon to do as much as any other heart in Jericho. The paper went round, and men put down their names from 15 to 50 cents. Each one had an explanation to make. He was only throwin' out a feeler, but could be depended upon for \$100 if there was need of it. The sum of \$180 had bin raised and there was a general feelin' all through the crowd that Jericho was doing herself proud when Lish Billings came saunterin' in. Deacon Spooner at once explained the case to him and added:

"Lish, you are known to be a big hearted man, and we all know you will be glad to contribute to such a worthy cause. Give us your name."

"I see," said Lish as he took the paper, "that you hev raised \$180 for a sick and distressed widder who has lived among us for 15 years."

"We hev."

"And it's all goin' to be hers?"

"Every cent of it."

"And you want me to make it up to \$200 and do old Jericho proud?"

"That's it, Lish."

"Waah, you'll hev to excuse me. The widder don't happen to need the contributions of our throbbin' and sympathetic hearts. She died about an hour ago, and her sister is comin' down from Albany to bury her!" M. QUAD.

PAID FOR THE PICTURES.

Where the Money Came From That Settled the Bill.

"For diplomatic kindness I will never forget one man," remarked a well known sportsman of Pittsburg. "He certainly knew how to do the right thing, and although it didn't cost him anything it helped a crowd of us out of an embarrassing predicament for the time. A party of young fellows, myself in the number, were camping years ago on the Beaver river, not far from Rock point. None of us had much money after getting our outfit and the farmers got about all that was left in exchange for milk and butter. One day three of us decided to go up to the picnic grounds, and, just as luck would have it, we met a crowd of girls from our own town. It was a happy meeting all around until some fool girl suggested that we all get our pictures taken. To save our lives, the three of us couldn't have raised a total of 16 cents, but like true soldiers of fortune we decided to go ahead and trust to luck to meet the obligation."

"The artist eyed us rather querily and our hearts began to fail. After a whispered consultation I was delegated to take him aside and negotiate with him. I was authorized to stake everything we had, even down to our good names. I stated the case briefly but eloquently, and I must have made a good impression, for, when I had finished, he said it would be all right. The strangest part of it all to me was when he handed me a dollar bill."

"I know how it is myself," he said. "You want to put up a bluff before these girls. Just hand me the dollar for the pictures when I'm through."

"That was what pleased me, and I flashed that bill before the girls with the air of a magnate. It was just a month later that I learned from a brother of one of the girls that they had noticed our worried looks and had forestalled us by paying the photographer the dollar I flourished so proudly."—Pittsburg News.

Too Hurried.

A "tenderfoot" who was trying his luck on a western ranch was at first horrified by the table etiquette which prevailed among his associates.

One day his feelings evidently came so near the surface that cowboy whose performances with a table knife of unusual size had aroused the tenderfoot's amazement, paused with another knifeful of food half way to his lips.

"What's the matter?" inquired the cowboy with disconcerting promptness, in the tone of one who means to be answered.

"Ah—er—nothing," hastily responded the tenderfoot.

"Look here," cried the cowboy, with an accompanying thump of his unoccupied hand on the table. "I want you to understand that I've got manners, but I haven't time to use 'em—that's all!"—Youth's Companion.

Something For Nothing.

Some time ago there appeared in several Paris papers an advertisement of an obscure fruit dealer, in which he offered to give a prize of 5 francs for the largest apple sent to him. Then fish caught at the bait with marvelous rapidity, and in less than a fortnight the advertiser had received enough fruit to stock his store for the season. Naturally he was glad to pay 5 francs for the largest of the lot, and just as naturally he kept all the unsuccessful specimens for sale from his shop. Besides, the advertising resulted in a large increase in his business.

The squar was red in the face as he rose up, and he didn't look bit pleased as he said:

"Yis, poor chap," said Michael, "he had a hard tolme av it. He ought to be glad he's dead. He never had none av the blessings av the rich. The only tolme he ever rode in a carriage in his life was phew he wint to his funeral."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Harsh Fate.

"Tis, poor chap," said Michael, "he had a hard tolme av it. He ought to be glad he's dead. He never had none av the blessings av the rich. The only tolme he ever rode in a carriage in his life was phew he wint to his funeral."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lucky Bingles.

"Bingles is a lucky man. His time goes right on whether he is waking or sleeping, sick or well."

"What is Bingles' business?"

"Watchmaker."—Ohio State Journal.

English women are not supposed to read the daily newspapers. They take to the weeklies, and that is why London has a great number of that class of a high order.

In the sixteenth century it was customary in Germany to get up at 5 o'clock, dine at 10, sup at 5 and go to bed at 8.

EDWIN A. RAYNER.

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February 17, 1903.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE RAYNER,

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLIS, Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased, to appear at the office of the undersigned, at 10 a. m., on the 21st day of October, 1903, and to state the claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

EDWIN A. RAYNER.

THE LAST CHARGE.

Trumpeter, blow, blow, terrific and thunderous, Blow till thy bugle outstrips the wild gales, Spare not the wounded that writhe and wind un-

der the lance.

Brown in our ears all their piercing death walls!

Steely, draconic! Get together your forces,

Arm the broad, for that makes the best charge!

Now let us fly like a whirlwind of heroes;

Hide like your forefathers! Cavalry, charge!

Trumpeter, sound me a dread note and dangerous;

Blow to the end of thy desperate breath!

Blow till the cry of it, clinging and clangorous,

Call back the squadrons that rode to their death.

Close up, dragons, and ride forward the guidon.

Trumpeter, blow one more loud and large!

This is not earth, but dead men, that we ride on;

They were your brothers once! Cavalry, charge!

Thomas Tracy Bouie in McClure's Magazine.

RULED WITH A ROD.

But the Rod Must Be Iron, With a Redhot Tip.

"When all other methods of controlling wild beasts fail the keeper has only to employ an iron rod, which has been made redhot at one end," said an old electrics man to a Star reporter recently.

"Lions and tigers," he continued, "will cringe before the heated poker, and no matter how restless and fretful they may have been the sight of the glowing iron immediately brings them to their best of animal senses. It has an almost hypnotic influence over the beasts. I have seldom heard of an animal being burned in this manner, however, so there is nothing cruel in the treatment. It would not do for the keeper to burn the charges under his care, for the scars would mar the animal for exhibition purposes. The hot iron is a terror, just the same, and under its persuasion the kings of the jungle are docile and ready to do what is wanted of them."

"In circus menageries the animals often become almost unmanageable. This is true of the younger specimens, who do not like the idea of being so closely housed, so much hauled about and so often cut off from the light of the outside world. When it becomes necessary to give their cages a thorough and sanitary cleaning, one attendant holds the beast in a corner by means of the redhot iron, while another thoroughly cleanses the remaining portion of the cage, the work being accomplished by brooms and mops from the outside. In changing the wilder animals from the cages employed on the road to the larger and more commodious quarters at the winter station, what we call a strong box is used. The wagon is hauled alongside the large cage and the steel strong box, open at both ends, is constituted a passageway. The animal hesitates to make the journey through such a suspicious looking object, however, and again the heated iron must be brought into play."—Washington Star.

HE WAS UP TO THE LIMIT.

A young society woman tells a story of a very little newsboy who so appreciated her kindness to him at a newsboy's dinner that he went to the extent of great suffering for her sake.

At least she thinks it was appreciation, but others have doubts.

At all events, the young woman who, with a number of others, was engaged in serving the boys, noticed this little boy way off at one end of the table.

Many of his larger fellows were already hard at work on the various good things, but this little fellow had evidently been neglected.

Clearly here was a case of urgent charity, so the amateur waitress flew to his side, and for an hour she saw to it that he did not lack for anything.

Plate after plate of turkey was literally showered upon him. Finally, as she set another piece of plum pudding in front of him, he rolled his eyes weakly toward her and said in muffled tones: